A

GARLAND

OF

New Songs,

CONTAINING,

1. The Flowing Can.
2. Corporal Casey.
3. Gramachree Molly.

THE FLOWING CAN,

Written and ſung by Mr DIBBIN.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then he takes it cheerly:
Bleſt with a ſmiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, riſe, or fall,
To fate's laſt verge he'll jog.

The cadge to weigh,
The ſheets belay,
He does it with a wiſh;
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head,
The pon'drous anchor fiſh:
For while the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man:

We ſing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and ſwear a little,

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And fiddle a little and foot it a little,
And ſwig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring ſeas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the ſtorm, our hearts at eaſe,
For Jack's to fear a ſtranger;
Bleſt with the ſmiling grog, we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now riſe on mountains high.

Spight of the gale,
We had the ſail,
Or take the needful reef;
Or man the deck
To clear ſome wreck,
To give the ſhip relief;
Though perils threat around,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man.

We ſing a little, &c.

But ye think not our fate is hard,
Though ſtorms at ſea thus treat us,
For coming home, a ſweet reward,

With ſmiles our ſweethearts greet us.
Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
Our am'rous toaſt,
Her we love moſt,
And gaily ſing and laugh.

The ſails we furl,
Then for each girl
The petticoat diſplay;
The deck we clear,
Then three-times cheer,
As we their charms ſurvey;
And then the grog goes round,
All ſenſe of danger drown'd,
We deſpiſe it to a man:

We ſing a little, &c.

CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and friſky;
My dad kept a pig and my mammy ſold whiſky;
My uncle was rich but ne'er could be eaſy

Till I was inlifted to Corporal Caſey.
Oh rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Caſey,
I thought my dear dear Sheelah I thought I would run craſey,
When I trudged away with tough Cepo-ral Caſey.

We marched from Kilkennie and as I was thinking,
My heart in me on Sheelah was thinking,
But ſoon I was firſt to look freſh as a daiſy
For fear of a drubbing from Coporal Caſey.
My uncle was rich but neer would be eaſy,
Till I was inlifted to Coporal Caſey.

When we went into battle I took the blow's fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
And who ſhould be the firſt that dropt, why ant pleaſe ye,
It was my good honeſt friend good old Corporal Caſey.
Oh rub a dub, row de dow; Coporal Caſey.

Thinks I to myself you are quiet and I
shall be easy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal
Casey.

THE ANSWER TO GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

YE gentle winds that softly blow,
along the verdent plain,
Go whisper to my Stephon's ear,
his loves return'd again:
In sweetest language tell the youth,
his sorrows to give o'er,
Ah Gramachree! my love shall be,
as happy as before.
The daily pied and all the sweets,
of nature's flowery bed,
Shall join to make a garland gay,
for my dear Stephon's head,
The primrose pale, and violet blue,
I'll add unto the store,
Ah Gramachree! and we shall be,
as happy as before.
Full many a scene of mourning,
my Molly late has known,

Becauſe my heart its fondneſs kept,
for thee my love alone.
My parents hid me from thy ſight,
and ſpurn'd thee from the door,
Ah Gramachree! but now we'll be,
as happy as before.
I laid me down upon my bed,
bewailing my ſad fate,
And like a faithful turtle dove,
I mourn'd my abſent mate,
And as the ling'ring moments paſs'd,
I told him o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree! but now I'll be,
as happy as before.
You ſaid you lov'd your Molly dear,
with vows I now believe,
For well I know my Stephon's heart
would near my faith deceive:
Thy love was all I wiſh'd on earth,
for heaven could wiſh no more,
Ah Gramachree! and now we'll be,
as happy as before.
Our flocks together now will tend,
upon the yellow hill,
And gaze enraptur'd on the ſweets,
which yon fair proſpect fill:

While heaven upon our mutual love
ſhall all it bleſſings pour,
Ah Gramachree ! we then ſhall be,
as happy as before.